The Pagan Library

Rite of Passage

Sara Ellen Shank

The fairy-folk walk softly tonight
They hear my steps
and I walk softly among them
They welcome me as they welcome the moon
And I walk, candle-bright among them
I hold fire and water in my hands
And dance, feather-light among them
To Father Oak they lead me
"This one has come beyond sight, among us."
And the Father stands silent, knowing all.
"Shall she be taught as a child of light among us?
He looks at me from wise, wrinkled eyes
"You have been here before, wisdom-bright among us.
Will you walk this path again?"
"I will," I say,"and grow in light among you."
Content, the Father nods and turns away.

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